The Ignoramus Ballad.

K 64.

To the Tune of, *Let* Oliver *now be Forgotten.*

1.

LEt Fourty eight now be remember'd,
And what was then Acted behold;
The High Court of Juſtice is tender'd
To caſt our Fate in the ſame Mold.
All things are prepared and ready,
The Faction Conſtant and ſteady,
At Moments call,
T' appear ne'r dread ye;
And all the Proud *Tories* ſhall fall.

2.

Behold a whole *Colledge* is coming,
In Equipage like to Sir *Hue*;
With Anger and Courage he's Foaming,
With Colours of *Orange* and *Blew*.
The Dray-mans Horſe he has mounted,
And no ſmall Fool is accounted
Amongſt the Rabble,
He Swears th' Anointed
He'l tumble down now like a *Babel*.

3.

With Blunderbuſs, Sword and with Piſtol,
With Powder and Bullet likewiſe;
By Treaſon and Force to reſiſt all,
He doubts not of winning the Prize:
The King he will bring to his Lure,
Or elſe take him Priſoner be Sure,
Unto *Guildhall*;
Where he ſhall Endure,
Till he yield to the Parliaments ALL.

4.

But God, our Soveraign's Protector,
Againſt all his Enemies Train,
Has timely Reveal'd the Projector,
And render'd their Plotting as Vain:
The Parliament ſoon He Diſſolved,
Preventing our being Involved,
In the Old Snare,
As 'twas Reſolved;
You ſee what ſuch Traytors will dare.

5.

When Blunderbuſs firſt was Accuſed,
And unto the *Tower* was ſent;
The Jury of Rebels refuſed,
To find him, as 'twas their Intent.
But Honeſter men there were found out,
Reſolving, ſo to bring it about
To find the Bill,
By giving the Rout
To all *Ignoramus* his Skill.

6.

And now he is brought to his Tryal,
And Guilty of Treaſon is found;
Yet he had the Face to Deny-all,
There's nought can his Treaſon Confound:
Old Nick's at his Elbow ſtill Preſſing,
And Frightens him from his Confeſſing:
He has no Hope,
By any Addreſſing,
To ſhelter his Neck from the Rope.

7

Now *W*——*e*, that Hogshead of Treaſon,
With his *Ignoramus*, comes next;
Whoſe Jury I think will find Reaſon,
T' Invalid his Specious pretext.
The Idol (he ſays) muſt be pull'd down
Of *Whitehall*, with His Scepter and Crown:
A *Hector* Bold,
Though ſeeming to Frown,
His Courage will quickly be Cold.

8.

Now *D*——*ld*'s come to the Trapp too,
For Falſely Suborning to Swear;
Great *Lucifer*'s Chaplain is napt too,
And's *Drawer* muſt bring up the Reer:
The Parſon may Preach in the Manger,
To free them all from the Danger;
But all in Vain,
Believe me, (a Stranger,)
The Hangman muſt open a Vein.

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